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a ball-dress, when its freshness is gone, will do for a dinner or evening dress. There are some small folk, who appear on the first of May, to whom it would be a suitable and welcome present. Gloves and shoes are most important; a new pair of well-fitting gloves add wonderfully to any dress, morning or evening. Cobbett, in his work, *Advice to Young Men*, says, "When you choose a wife, look to see how she is shod, if her shoes and stockings are neat: a slipshod woman is a poor look-out."

We do not advocate spending much money upon dress; but we ask to have it spent with thought and tact in its arrangement and color. We all know beautiful women—wise, good, charming women—whose dress is generally totally deficient in taste, and we ask for the same improvement in mixing colors in dress that our artists, our architects, and the stage now display to us. How much of our associations with people depend, upon dress! Elizabeth's "muslin mane" seems needed for her character. Mary Queen of Scots only rises before us in her black velvet, and the cap which bears her name; and the vision of Laura is not complete without the dress of green velvet and violets which Petrarch did not disdain to chronicle.

**SPEAKING OF Sir Thomas Lawrence, Sir David Wilkie says:**

"His likenesses were celebrated as the most successful of his time; yet no likenesses exalted so much or refined more upon the originals. He wished to seize the expression rather than copy the features. His attainment of likenesses was most laborious. One distinguished person who favored him with forty sittings for his head alone, declared he was the slowest painter he ever sat to, and he had sat to many. He would draw the portrait in chalk, the size of life, on paper, this occupied but one sitting, but that sitting lasted nearly one whole day. He next transferred this outline from the paper to the canvas; his picture and sitter were placed at a distance from the point of view; where, to see both at a time, he had to traverse all across the room before the conception which the view of his sitter suggested could be proceeded with. In this incessant transit his feet had worn a path through the carpet to the floor, while exercising freedom both of body and mind; each traverse allowing time for invention, while it required an effort of memory between the touch on the canvas, and the observation from which it grew."

**BACK AND FRONT.**—An Irish newscarrrier, who sometimes courts the muses, has given his idea of the church building taste of the people of America in the following lines, which contain more truth than poetry:

"They puts up a front to the street,  
Like old Westminster Abbey,  
But thin they thinks to chate the Lord,  
And builds the back part shabby."

*Builder.*

#### OBITUARY.

**CHARLES M. LEUPP.**—During the present year death has overtaken many of our most valued citizens. Men long and favorably known—men whose whole lives have been consecrated to public usefulness—have paid the debt of nature. Amongst the latest of these it is our melancholy duty to record the death of Charles M. Leupp, which occurred on the fifth of October last. Like the foremost men of our community, Mr. Leupp was the architect of his own fortune; after many years of toil and commercial enterprise, fortune smiled upon him, and he honored it by appreciating her gifts in the most useful and intelligent manner. Having read, studied and associated with many of our most accomplished men, he was soon led to interest himself, not only in financial and benevolent institutions, but in the ennobling cause of Art. His many profitably spent visits to Europe made him familiar with the master-pieces of Art, and this, combined with his sympathies and associations at home, led him to interest himself in the progress of Art in his own country. He felt that though young as a nation, we had

the materials for an original and powerful development of Art, and that with liberal support and intelligent appreciation we would soon take a noble stand by the side of other countries. To this object he devoted his thoughts and a most liberal share of his ample resources. Would that all of our successful merchants would imitate his patriotic example. The liberal support and the warm and hearty appreciation of Art is to our artists what capital is to our enterprising young merchants. Mr. Leupp felt this, and hence his devotion to the cause, and to the cordial friendships which he formed with those whose interests he so generously fostered.

We fully sympathize with the public in deploring the loss of such a man, and honor the instinct which leads it to mourn over his untimely end. In private life Mr. Leupp was highly appreciated both on account of his retiring habits and his fine social qualities. Hospitable, urbane and frank, he won the good will and sympathy of every one that came within his social circle; no one left his company without bearing away the pleasantest impressions of him, both as a warm friend and as an honored citizen.

We deem it unnecessary to go into a detail of the events of Mr. Leupp's useful life, or the circumstances of his connection with our public institutions. All this may be reserved for another occasion, when ampler justice can be done to his memory.

#### EXHIBITIONS.

**PAGE'S VENUS.**—This work, now on exhibition at the Dusseldorf Gallery, represents a nude female at sea, of the size of life, standing upon a diminutive scollop-shell, which is drawn by two doves and attended by two cupids; three Greek galleys appear on the horizon in the distance. That artistic power is displayed on this canvas cannot be denied, but that the picture is remarkable for beauty, character or sentiment is quite another thing. We have not been able to detect either.

At M. Knödler's new establishment on the corner of Broadway and Ninth st.—Goupil's Art Gallery—may be seen three fresh examples of the genius of Rosa Bonheur, together with many superior little cabinet pictures by French artists of the highest reputation. We noticed among the latter, fine works by Plassan, Chavet, De Joughe, Lemmens, Compté-Calix, and others. A more entertaining and choice collection is not often visible. There is also on exhibition at the same place a statue of Washington, by Powers, representing him in the regalia of a Free Mason.

At the Cooper Institute is an exhibition of sculpture by the Chevalier Petrich, consisting of a statue of "Tecumseh," a group called "Charity," and four busts of the "Seasons."

### Literary Record.

**THE IDYLS OF THE KING.** By Alfred Tennyson. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

The popular instinct as to the poetical character of Mr. Tennyson was plainly to be seen in the constantly recurring question—*Is Tennyson a poet?* Had our poet the power to comprehend his age and to poetize its spirit, no such question would ever have been set afloat. But the popular instinct had no expository power, no principle of judgment by which to resolve its own question. Hence the apathy into which it has fallen, leaving to blind fate to deal with Mr. Tennyson as it deals with

everything else. We ask in turn, is our age a poetical one, does it afford a soil rich enough to produce a real poet, one stamped by nature with the seal of immortality? We answer no. Rhyme-makers we may have, men schooled to reproduce in flowing stanzas the thoughts of others, but a poet of thought we have not, neither one of great poetical emotion, nor over affluent in the gifts of imagination. That which our age has a genius for are railroads, steamboats, commerce, trade, and financial schemes. Have we not the proof of this in the study, and constant reproduction of the real poets of former times? To these the delicately constituted and poetical minds of our times must turn if they would have food for their deeply yearning natures, sanctified homes for their shipwrecked hearts. The poems of our day are but metrical words, spiced with petty incidents to tickle the curiosity of watering-place loungers and literary pretenders. The poems of Mr. Tennyson in the volume before us are no exception. They are, if judged from a high poetical standard, the genuine children of our times, and prove that Mr. Tennyson, though a poet styled, is colored over with the unpoetical attributes of his day and generation. No blame is his, for if he were in advance of his age, he would not be the poet laureate of England, and the petted favorite of drawing-room misses and affected dandies.

Neither the construction of Mr. Tennyson's brain, nor the breadth nor depth of his heart, is such as to take in the bewildering panorama of our times, and give it that true, large and poetical crystallization which would reflect it to the eyes of a distant posterity. We want for that the severe grandeur, the searching and unsparing intellect of Milton. Our Milton would not seek an imaginary subject, a supernatural pandemonium, or supernatural agents of dark designs and deeds; he would seek them through the wide channels of real life, in the turmoil of every-day transactions, and in the black iniquity of every individual trying to build his own glory upon the ruin of the social system to which he belongs. The steel muscles, the iron joints of our commercial giants would attract his attention, while the gentle in heart and the diffident in feeling would have to be exiled from his poetical paradise. Now, Mr. Tennyson has no capacity for this mission, and in order to be the poet of this age, and to deserve the name, he would require to be the Milton of our century.

Let him then sing on in his own way; let him lie in the somnolent brains of our idlers and empty dreamers; let him be fondled by our young folks whose material ambition excludes all sentiment, all high poetical purposes; let him adorn the barren conversation of drawing-room habits, but let him not aspire to be the poet of this age—that glory is reserved for one who may owe his birth and destiny to a happier combination of social circumstances than can be found in our day. No man with sensibility enough to reflect this age, with brain enough to comprehend it, will ever seek a poetical realization of it in the poems of Alfred Tennyson.

**THE MINISTER'S WOODING.** By Harriet Beecher Stowe. Derby & Jackson, New York.

Those persons who fancied Mrs. Stowe indissolubly bound to the slavery question, and incapable of discussing any other, will be disappointed to find that she has actually chosen a new field for the exercise of her versatile genius, and been entirely successful. To be sure, the slavery question does peep out here and there, but so timidly, and in such faint streaks, that even the most pugnacious southern editor could not find it in his heart to make it a subject of offence. The scenes are laid in

methodical New England, while the characters who figure therein are of that dry matter of fact stamp one would think it exceedingly difficult to invest with the drapery of romance. Indeed, the book is a proof of what true genius can do in the way of molding the dulllest and most prosaic materials into objects of romance. There is the same play of the imagination, the same keen sense of the ludicrous, the same flow of humor, quickly followed by deep pathos and trenchant logic—the same biting satire and hate of hypocrisy, the same clear perception of character, with the skillful handling of the plot, and power to hold the mind in suspense, that distinguished the author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

**THE EMPIRE OF RUSSIA.** By John S. C. Abbott. Mason Brothers, New York.

Mr. Abbott's histories are interesting as well as instructive. If, however, the guns of his genius were more carefully aimed, the result would be a better effect on the reader's mind, and perhaps increase the circle of his admirers. In other words, if Mr. Abbott could be induced to write less dramatically, to aim less at startling effects, and stick to accuracy—to deal less with the tragic in writing, and content himself with instructing the reader, his histories would be more valuable as well as entertaining to those who prefer facts to embellishments. And yet, in spite of a style far from pleasant or graceful, "The Empire of Russia" is an attractive volume, embellished with all the fascinating drapery of a romance, in which the shedding of blood and the clang of war are the all-absorbing interest. The manners and customs, the social, political, and intellectual condition of the people, Mr. Abbott treats but faintly. Indeed, it would be impossible in so small a compass as this volume presents, to give more than a brief account of the most prominent events in the history of so great an empire—one which presents to the world the most remarkable phases of transformation from barbaric darkness to light and civilization. The volume commences with Russia in her primeval state, inhabited by wandering tribes of savages, who have passed away without leaving "any monuments of their existence." The epochs of which the author then treats are rich in exciting scenes—in war, famine, violence, and indeed every crime known to human depravity. Blood incessantly flowed; now one barbarian horde laid the country in waste, and then another. The clang of war was ceaseless; barbarian was arrayed against barbarian; wars of extermination were fiercely waged, and desolation spread over the land for centuries. And yet, through all the gloom, this merciless spirit of the barbarian had cast over the land, Christianity and civilization are found struggling for an existence, and even at times casting their lights and shadows on the surface. And it is in these struggles with darkness that Christianity shows itself in all its grandeur and force. Shut out for a time by some sudden upheaving of the barbarian foe, it again blossoms forth, as if to show that its seeds, when once planted, will take root and continue to bear good fruit. There is something noble, something grand in the picture of a vast empire that has struggled through the blood and carnage of barbarism, casting off the mantle of darkness, and emerging into that state of civilization which was destined to place Russia in the proud and lofty position she now holds in the family of nations. No other land has a history so dramatically fascinating; no other nation ever struggled so manfully against adversity; no other nation ever presented so many diverse elements of government, or brought order out of chaos under so many discouraging circumstances and in so short a period. The metal of her nationality was